

The Marvel Family

NO. 61

10¢

JULY

A Fawcett Publication



BLAZING ADVENTURE WITH
THE MIGHTY MARVEL FAMILY

IN
"THE MILLION YEAR
WAR"



"Johnny's Bright Idea"

FOR FATHER'S DAY JUNE-17

I'VE GOT IT, SIS!
WE'LL CHIP IN AND BUY
DAD A SUBSCRIPTION
TO A MAGAZINE HE'LL
REALLY LIKE!



...SWELL IDEA,
JOHNNY! AND
I'LL BET IT'S

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND IT'S ONLY \$3
FOR ONE YEAR!



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DAY IS
JUNE 17

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Have Mom help you fill out this helpful coupon today so that Dad will receive TRUE, The Man's Magazine as a gift from you. What a surprise for Dad when he gets the magazine that men all over America read every month... all about adventures, sports, hobbies, hunting, etc.

Just before Father's Day, we will send Dad a handsome gift announcement card, bearing your name as the sender.

Fill out (print) the coupon in dark pencil and mail it today!

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment

W. W. Fawcett, Jr., President



THE MARVEL FAMILY

and THE MILLION YEAR WAR



WHEN TWO OCEAN LINERS COLLIDE, IT IS ONE IT DISASTER. IF TWO
WOLVES OF SPAIN COLLIDE, IT WOULD BE A STILL MORE COLLIDING &
CATASTROPHIC. BUT IMAGINE THE FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT THAT WOULD
BE CAUSED BY THE CRASHING OF TWO GIANT GALAXIES OF OUTER SPACE!
YET THIS IS THE STAGGERING RATE THAT PAGES THE UNIVERSE, WHEN
THE MIGHTY MARVEL FAMILY ENTER CHASE TO THE FANTASTIC
ROMNEY GALAXY!

WHEN MARY AND BILLY BATSON
SAY THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT
SORCERER, SHAZAM, AND WHEN
FREDDY FREELMAN SAYS THE NAME
OF HIS HERO, CAPTAIN MARVEL,
THE THREE YOUNGSTERS INSTANTLY
ARE CHANGED INTO THE WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST FAMILY—
THE MARVEL FAMILY!



ARE WE
GETTING NEAR
THAT ROMNEY
GALAXY?

YES! ONLY
577,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
MILES TO GO!

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Printed in U. S. A.

AT THE LONELY TIP OF MOUNT PEAKAR RESTS THE GREAT NEW TWO-HUNDRED-INCH TELESCOPE, PROBING THE UNIVERSE FOR ITS SECRETS!



VISITORS ARE ALWAYS THRILLED TO SEE THE AMAZING ADVANCEMENT IN OBSERVATION, AND BILLY OUTSON, FREDDY FRANKMAN, AND MARY JOHNSON ARE NO EXCEPTION!

BILLY: YOU SAY THAT TELESCOPE WEIGHS FIVE HUNDRED TONS?

YES, BUT IT'S BALANCED SO PERFECTLY THAT IT CAN BE MOVED AND SIGHTED WITH EASE BY ELECTRIC MOTORS!



WE ARE NOW COUNTING ALL THE THOUSANDS OF SEPARATE GALAXIES, OR UNIVERSES OF STARS, IN THE COSMOS!

WHAT IS A GALAXY EXACTLY, PROFESSOR?



WE CAN SEE ALL STARS AND GALAXIES UP TO ONE BILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY!

BOOM! THAT'S THE DISTANCE LIGHT TRAVELS IN A BILLION YEARS, AT THE TERRIFIC RATE OF 186,000 MILES PER SECOND! WOW!



A GALAXY, OR AN ISLAND UNIVERSE, IS A GROUP OF STARS BLENDED TOGETHER, SO FAR AWAY THAT IT LOOKS LIKE THIS TO US. OUR OWN MILKY WAY GALAXY, IN WHICH OUR SUN AND EARTH FIRST, LOOKS LIKE THIS FROM HER SWAY, TOO!

HOW STRANGE! HOW MANY STARS ARE IN EACH GALAXY?



IT VARIES, BUT IT IS OFTEN AROUND TWO HUNDRED BILLION STARS; YET THERE ARE THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SUCH GALAXIES!

SOFT NOW WE'RE COUNTING BOTH ORION IS, A SPINAL TYPE GALAXY WHICH IS FIVE HUNDRED MILLION LIGHT YEARS AWAY AND IS COMPOSED OF FIVE HUNDRED BILLION STARS!

PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR!

SEE! NOW DO THE UNIVERSE IS! BUT WHICH GALAXY ARE YOU STOPPING RIGHT NOW WITH THE TWO-HUNDRED-INCH TELESCOPE?





AS THOSE KEY WORDS ARE UTTERED, A TRIPLE FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHTNING THUNDERS DOWN, AND THE THREE YOUNGSTERS ARE CHANGED INTO THEIR OTHER FORMS OF...

BRAVO! BRAVO!





MARVEL FAMILY



BUT FOR ONCE, EVEN THE PROBLESS MARVEL FAMILY
FACES A TASK BEYOND ITS SCOPE!

THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE!
THERE ARE FIVE HUNDRED BILLION
STARS COMING AT US! IT WOULD
TAKE US CENTURIES TO FINISH
THE JOB!

THIS IS HORRIBLE! ALL
WE CAN DO IS
STAND BY AND
WATCH THE
COLLISION OF
TWO SUNNY
GALAXIES!



AND WHAT IF THERE
ARE PEOPLE LIVING
IN THE GALAXY?

YES! THERE MUST
BE MILLIONS OF PLANETS!
LET'S CHECK ON THE
PEOPLE!



BUT AFTER A RAPID VISIT TO NEAR
BY PLANETS, ANOTHER STRANGE
MYSTERY ARISES!

EVERY WORLD THE SAME!
NOTHING BUT THE LIFELESS
REMS OF AN ANCIENT
CIVILIZATION OF A
MILLION YEARS
AGO!

IT LOOKS VERY
MUCH LIKE SOME
TERRIFIC WAR
WIPED OUT ALL
CIVILIZATION
HERE!

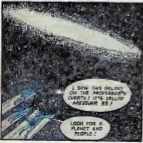


ANYWAY, WE DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT PEOPLE IN THAT
GALAXY, BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE OTHER GALAXY
NEAR?

WE'LL CHECK
THERE!



LIKELY, THIS COLLISION
OF GALAXIES WON'T HAPPEN
UNTIL FOR YEARS! THE
SPACE BETWEEN GALAXIES
IS ENORMOUS! SO WE
HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO
CHECK UP, AND THEN FIGURE
OUT A WAY TO STOP THE
COLLISION!



I SAW THE DELAY ON THE PROFESSOR'S
CHARTS! IT'S CALLED
MAGNUS 22!

LOOK FOR A
PLANET AND
PEOPLE!



SOON...

HERE'S A PLANET
THAT'S ABANDONED! THIS
SEEMS TO BE AN
ADVANCED CIVILIZATION,
TOO! AND ROOM
FACES THEM!



THE MARVEL FAMILY QUICKLY MAKES CONTACT WITH THE INTELLIGENT PEOPLE OF MESSOR 33!

YES, WE KNOW THAT A SPIRAL GALAXY IS SPINNING TOWARD US AND WILL SWALLOW OUR GALAXY TO BITS! YOU SEE, THIS IS ALL PART OF A WAR!

WHAT? HOLY MOLEY! YOU MEAN YOUR OWNERS SOMEDOWN MOVED THE SPIRAL-GALAXY AND NAMED IT AT YOU?



YES! OUR ENEMY IS THE FOOTBALL GALAXY, AS WE NAMED IT! WE ARE THE COEN GALAXY, ACCORDING TO OUR SHIPS! THE MOVING GALAXY WE CALL THE BUZZ SAW GALAXY!

HOW LONG HAS THIS WAR BEEN GOING ON?



A MILLION YEARS!

WHAT?

YOU MUST BE JOKING, SIR!

HOLY MOLEY!



NO! IT IS THE MILLION YEAR WAR! FOR A MILLION YEARS THE FOOTBALL GALAXY AND OUR COEN GALAXY HAVE FIGHTED IN SPACE WITH WARSHIPS AND GUNS AND BOMBS! BUT NOW THEY WILL WIN BY MOVING THE BUZZ SAW GALAXY TOWARD US TO SWALLOW US TO DEATH! WE CAN'T STOP IT!



IT'S HORRIBLE! BILLIONS OF YOUR PEOPLE WILL DIE! BUT HOW COULD A WAR GO ON FOR A MILLION YEARS? WHAT DID IT START OVER ANYWAY? WHAT CAUSED IT?

WHAT CAUSED IT? YES--UH --EH--?



I DON'T KNOW! HOBBOY KNOWS! EVERYBODY HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT THE WAR STARTED OVER! AFTER ALL, THAT WAS OVER A MILLION YEARS AGO!

HOLY MOLEY! NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!



DID YOU EVER HEAR ANYTHING GREATER? THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING A MILLION YEARS -- OVER MOVING? THEY'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT STARTED THE WAR!

LET'S CHECK WITH THE SHIP AT THE FOOTBALL GALAXY!

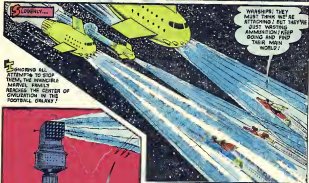


RIGHT! BESIDES, WE HAVE TO FIND OUT HOW THEY MADE THE BEEZ SAW GALAXY SPIN THROUGH SPACE!



LATER...

IT DOES LOOK LIKE A GIANT FOOTBALL BANGING IN SPACE!



SLOWLY...

WASHERS! THEY MUST THINK WE'RE ATTACKING! BUT THEY'RE JUST WASTING AMMUNITION! KEEP GOING AND FIND THEIR MAIN WORLD!

IGNORING ALL ATTEMPTS TO STOP THEM, THE INVINCIBLE MARVEL FAMILY REACHES THE CENTER OF CIVILIZATION IN THE FOOTBALL GALAXY!



THAT GIANT MACHINE MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH MAKING THE BEEZ SAW GALAXY MOVE!



DOES THAT MACHINE MAKE THE BEEZ SAW GALAXY MOVE?

WE WILL NOT ANSWER!

MARVEL FAMILY





BEHIND, THE MACHINE HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE!
IT BURNS THE BEEZ SAW GALAXY ENOUGH OF A
PUSH SO THAT IT WILL CONTINUE AND SMASH
THE DISH GALAXY! DEATH TO THE DISH
GALAXY! WE HAVE WON THE
MILLION YEAR WAR!



WOAY MOLEY!
AND THAT MACHINE
WAS THE ONLY HOPE
OF STOPPING THE
BEEZ SAW
GALAXY!

THAT REMINDS ME--DO
YOU KNOW WHAT
STAMPED YOUR BIG
WAR, A MILLION
YEARS AGO?



IS THAT--IS--NO!
NOBODY REMEMBERS
HOW IT STARTED,
AND ALL RECORDS
WERE LOST IN THE
LAST MILLION
YEARS!

THE SAME STORY HERE!
A WHOLE GALAXY GETS
WRECKED OVER
NOTHING AT ALL!



BUT WAIT! WE CAN STILL
STOP THE BEEZ SAW GALAXY
--BY REBUILDING THAT
GRANTY MACHINE!

BUT, CAP!
IT'S SCATTERED
IN A MILLION
PIECES!



SO WHAT? WE CAN GATHER
AND IN THE BROWN PAGES!
BUT WE'LL NEED TOOLS,
SIMON, YOU FOUND UP
TOOLS AND MATERIALS
AT THE SEASIDE
CITY!

OH MY
WAY!



BUT WE'LL GET NOWHERE
WITHOUT BLUEPRINTS OF THE
MACHINE! MARK, THAT MAN
WILL SHOW YOU WHERE
THE BLUEPRINTS ARE!

YEAH--OH
BLOC!



WHAT? LET ME IN! WHILE I SEARCHED FOR THE BLUEPRINTS, I FOUND THIS ANCIENT FORGOTTEN RECORD OF ONE MILLION YEARS AGO! IT SHOWS HOW YOUR MILLION YEAR WAR STARTED!



WHAT? LET ME SEE IT!

WE WANT TO WAR OVER PEACE! AND MEANWHILE THE BLUEZ GUY CHILDRETON WIPED HIMSELF OUT! HOW UUUUUH! STUPID IT ALL WAS!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, OLIM! NOW ORDER THE OTHER MARSHALS TO LEAVE THE GRAVITY MACHINE ALONE!



ORDER NOW! A MILLION YEARS AGO, THE BLUEZ GUY GALAXY WAS ENRAGED AND HAD A WAR OF ITS OWN. THE DIPLOMATS OF THE PASTORAL GALAXY AND RICH GALAXY TRIED TO MAKE PEACE! BUT INSTEAD THEY FELL TO QUARRELS AND WAR. SPACE BETWEEN OUR TWO GALAXIES!



AND LATER, IN MID SPACE BETWEEN THE TWO GALAXIES.....

THE BLUEZ GUY GALAXY IS BACK IN PLACE, BRINGING OUR RICH GALAXY, THANKS TO THE MARVEL FAMILY!

WE HAVE SIGNED THE NEW PEACE TREATY! OUR STUPID WAR IS OVER!



BACK TO EARTH! IT'LL BEEM A SMALL PLACE AFTER OUR GREAT ADVENTURE BRINGS GREAT GALAXIES AND BILLIONS OF STARS!

LATER, AT THE PULOVAN OBSERVATORY.....

DEAR OLIM IS BACK IN PLACE! HOW AMAZING!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, PROFESSOR! LISTEN OVER SIXTEEN WAYS LATER AS I TELL THE FULL STORY OF THE FURWARY BLUEZ GUY GALAXY AND HOW THE MARVEL FAMILY ENDED THE MILLION YEAR WAR!





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PLASTIC

PICTURE

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No Waiting - No Box Tops!



16 Different Pictures!

6 Bright Colors!



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Collect 'em!
Swap 'em!

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Surprise—entirely new series of prizes coming soon!



THE MARVEL FAMILY PUZZLE PAGE

GATHER ROUND, YOU MENTAL ACROBATS, AND MATCH WITS WITH THESE REBUS PUZZLES! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT THE PICTURES MEAN AS WORDS, AND YOU'LL HAVE THE ANSWERS, JUST AS IN THIS SAMPLE!



HERE ARE THE ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES! THE ANSWERS TO THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES WILL APPEAR ON NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL FAMILY PUZZLE PAGE!



JUNGLE PICCOLO WALKING REFRIG



ROCKING CHAIR CLOTHES HORSE



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WEATHER

COOL TODAY!
HOT
TAMALE!

The Gazabo Gazette

PRICE

ANYTHING
WE CAN GET

★ ★ ★ ★

VOL. NO 15

Page 1

HEADLINE HARRY

"THE SQUIRREL
MYSTERY!"LISTEN, HEADLINE
HARRY, I WANT
YOU TO GO TO
THE PARK!TO THE
PARK?
GODDY,
GODDY!
IS THERE
GOING TO
BE A
PICKUP?NO, STUPID, THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE A
PICKUP! AND HAVING A PEEK LIKE YOU AS A
REPORTER IS NO PICKUP, EITHER! I WANT
YOU TO GO TO THE PARK BECAUSE
A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN KIDNAPED THERE
LATELY!(GASB)
REALLY?YES! THERE MUST BE A GEEK
PICKUPPOINT OPERATING THERE!
I WANT YOU TO GO AND KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN! MAYBE
YOU CAN CATCH
HIM IN THE ACT!IN
THE
ACT?
WHAT
IS HE
AN
ACTOR?GROSS! NO, YOU FOOL, BUT IF
YOU SAY ANOTHER GODDY
THING LIKE THAT YOU'LL WIND
UP WITH YOUR JAW
IN A
CAST!

UHF!

NOW GET GOING!
IF YOU CAN CATCH
THE GEEK, I'LL
BE A GREAT SCOOP
FOR OUR PAPER!GWAY
CHER,
EMIN
LOY
WAW!IF I'M GOING TO THE
PARK, I MAY AS WELL
BUY A BAG OF PEANUTS
AND ENJOY
MYSELF!

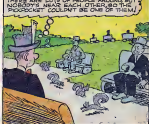
MARVEL FAMILY

SHORTLY AFTER--

I'LL WELL, HERE I AM! NOW TO SIT DOWN AND WATCH FOR THAT PICKPOCKET!



THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE AROUND, BUT NOBODY'S NEAR EACH OTHER, SO THE PICKPOCKET COULDN'T BE ONE OF THEM!



GOSH! LOOK AT THOSE SQUIRRELS! THEY'RE SO FRIENDLY, THEY GO RIGHT INTO THE PEOPLE'S POCKETS AND PURSES LOOKING FOR FOOD!



I THINK I'LL FEED THEM MYSELF! IT'S A GOOD THING I BOUGHT THESE PEANUTS!



GOSH! THESE SQUIRRELS ARE SWARMING ALL OVER ME!



(GASP) THEY'VE EVEN GOTTEN IN MY POCKET! MY, THEY CERTAINLY ARE BOLD!



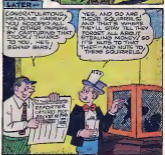
NOW THAT THEY'VE EATEN ALL THE PEANUTS, LOOK AT THEM SCAMPER AWAY!



MARVEL FAMILY

AT THAT MOMENT...







POISON

By Westbrook Wilson



"SIT up, Eric!" said Mr. Blora, the owner of the kennel.

Eric, a large, black dog with gray-green eyes and a red tongue, sat up, obediently.

Mr. Blora turned to his customer, William J. Toohay, and said, "All right, Mr. Twee. Go ahead and feed him!"

William J. Toohay held out the puppy biscuit that had been provided and said to the dog, "Eric, Here's something for you. Eat it, boy."

The dog looked at the biscuit, but wouldn't touch it. When William J. Toohay shoved the food right under his nose, the dog turned his head away.

"He won't take it!" exclaimed Mr. Toohay, puzzled.

"Of course he'll take it, Mr. Twee," asserted Mr. Blora. "Dogs are hungry all the time. Eat anything any time! Hand me that biscuit." Mr. Blora held forth the biscuit and Eric gobbled it, eagerly.

"I see it all now," said Mr. Toohay. "You have trained him so he won't eat from anybody but you. I wouldn't want a dog like that."

"Not so!" asserted the kennel owner. "I'll have Mrs. Twee feed him. Here, Mrs. Twee!" He placed another puppy biscuit in Mrs. Toohay's hand. She held it out and the dog took it, gently but eagerly.

Mr. Toohay looked puzzled. "I can't understand it," he said. "Animals always like me. I've owned dogs ever since I was three years old. What's the catch?"

A chuckle came from Mr. Blora. "It is a catch, but it's one you'll thank me for later when you've bought Eric. You didn't notice, but I fed Eric with my *left* hand; Mrs. Twee fed Eric with her *left* hand. You tried to feed him with your *right* hand. I always train my dogs never to take anything from anybody's right hand. Watch!"

The kennel owner got out another biscuit, held it toward Eric with his right hand. The dog sniffed at it, but refused to take it.

"Amazing!" exclaimed William J. Toohay. "But what's the idea?"

Mr. Blora chuckled happily, stroking the

big, black dog. "You know, it's not a good idea to have other people feeding your dog. Some feed him wrong or too much, through ignorance. Others (Mr. Blora lowered his voice, ominously) might even try to poison him! But they all try to feed a dog right-handed, so a dog that's trained by me just won't take the stuff!"

With that assurance, Mr. Toohay purchased the handsome Eric, a Labrador Retriever who was strong, healthy and full of fun, but who could look very menacing to an enemy. As the Toohays were departing with their dog on a leash, Mr. Blora called out, "Say, Mr. and Mrs. Twee, you got any kids?"

"We have two young sons," was the response. "The dog is really a surprise present for them."

"Don't tell the kids about the left-handed feeding trick, that's my advice to you," said Mr. Blora, waving goodbye.

The two boys, Tom and Jerry, were delighted with Eric, and Eric was delighted with them. The dog was big enough so they could wrestle with him, yet gentle enough so that he never thought of sinking his big fangs in them when they got rough.

The boys and their dog were all resting after a tough romp, when Mr. Toohay entered the living room. He saw Eric, stretched out contentedly before the fireplace. Tom was reading a book and munching on a box of popcorn. Jerry was working a puzzle and dipping occasionally into a bagful of chocolate candy.

"How's your dog?" asked the boys' father. "Fine! A wonderful present, dad!" responded the pair, almost in unison.

"But he won't eat anything," continued Tom.

"Oh, there's a trick to that!" laughed the father. "I'll show you!" And he proceeded to demonstrate to his sons that Eric would only eat if the morsel were presented with the left hand. He had either forgotten or was deliberately ignoring Mr. Blora's advice.

Baby Face Coolidge had a mask across his eyes as he stealthily approached the suburban home. "This is the dump where William J. Toohay lives," Baby Face whispered to his

companion. "William J. Toobey is a big jewelry dealer and he always keeps a load of ice in his safe. That's what you and me are after."

The companion grunted, "Look, there's a big dog in the yard. He looks tough."

"I'm prepared for a watchdog," responded Baby Face. "Look here! I've got a chunk of steak in my hand. I'll feed that to the dog. As soon as he eats it he'll be low and be quiet."

"Poisoned?" asked the other robber.

"Poisoned is right!" responded Baby Face. "When the dog eats this, he'll speak like a bulldog. Then we can move in. The night is dark and there won't be much moon. If you're as good at cracking a safe as you claim to be, we'll be millionaires before dawn."

They were still outside the hedge that marked the property line. Baby Face got out his chunk of poisoned steak and called to Eric in a low voice, "Hey, doggie, come here!"

Eric moved forward, slowly. When Baby Face thrust his right hand forward with the poisoned meat, Eric declined it. Baby Face was puzzled. He grumbled, "What's wrong with this dog?"

"Let me have the meat," suggested his companion. "I've got a way with dogs."

"All right, Lefty," whispered Baby Face, handing over the poisoned meat.

Lefty spoke soft words to Eric. The dog moved forward. Lefty held out the poisoned meat in his left hand, a natural gesture for him. Eric took the meat, and trotted away toward his kennel.

"Good boy, Lefty!" whispered Baby Face. "That meat will take that meat to his dog house, he'll gulp it, and in three minutes he'll be dead. We've got nothing to worry about."

The two burglars waited while Baby Face looked at his fluorescent watch. "Now!" he said at last, and the pair moved forward.

Baby Face was just raising a window when a canine howl froze him. He and Lefty would have run, but a large, black dog, growling and snapping, cut off retreat. Baby Face dived through the window, and Lefty scrambled through a second later, falling on top of him.

The barking had aroused Mr. William J. Toobey, who grabbed his shotgun and scrambled downstairs. He snapped on the light, saw the two burglars sprawled on the floor, and ordered them to lie still while his wife phoned the police from an upstairs extension.

And while this was going on, Eric, growling and barking, crawled through the window.

"Quiet, Eric, I've got them!" said Mr. Toobey.

With one final growl, Eric collapsed on the floor and lay, sprawled and groaning.

After the police had come and taken away the burglars, Eric still lay on the floor, apparently in great pain, moaning and groaning. Mr. Blora, the kennel owner, came in a rush after Mr. Toobey had phoned to him. He looked at Eric and opened, "Poor dog has a stomach ache. He'll get over it!"

"But one of the burglars let it out that they fed him poisoned meat!" exclaimed Mr. Toobey.

Mr. Blora looked at Eric with a critical eye. "He's not dead!" he declared. "If they fed him poison, he'd be dead! Let me have a look at his dog house."

Equipped with a flashlight, Mr. Blora went out to the dog house, returned presently with the poisoned meat. He sniffed it. "This meat is poisoned all right," he said, "but as you can see, good old Eric never ate it. I told you strangers couldn't feed him unless they . . ."

Mr. Toobey cut in, "But one of the burglars was named 'Lefty.' He fed the dog with his left hand!"

"Ah, ha!" said Mr. Blora. "The dog took it, but wouldn't eat it! He was off his feed! Mr. Twee, I have a notion you didn't take my advice!"

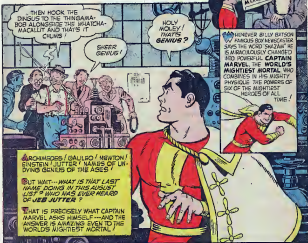
For a moment Mr. Toobey was puzzled. Then he said, "Oh? Ah? About not telling my boys the trick? Ah—er—yes! I told them you had to feed Eric left-handed!"

"Boys will be boys," grinned Mr. Blora. "That's why the dog is off his feed! No doubt they fed him chocolates, popcorn, bubblegum and who knows what all! But it all worked out just right. That's why he was so full and so sick that he couldn't eat the poisoned steak!"

MR. BLORE patted Eric on the head and said, "You're a lucky dog, Eric. You'll feel as good as new tomorrow and if you get these same lucky breaks all your life, you'll be the luckiest watchdog in the world. Good night, Mr. Twee. Good night, Mrs. Twee!"

CAPTAIN MARVEL

and THE UNKNOWN GENIUS



A SCIENTIST, WRITING WITH A KNOTTY PROBLEM, GOES FOR A WALK!



MARVEL FAMILY

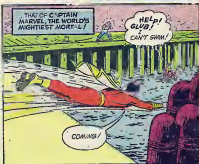




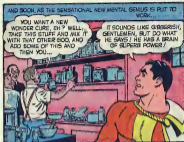
MEANWHILE, BILLY BATSON IS OUT FOR A STROLL AND COMES UPON THE SCENE AS...



MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDERS DOWN AT THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN NAME, AND BILLY BATSON IS CHANGED INTO HIS OTHER FORM.









IT'S OUT! BUT WHERE'S JEB JITTER?

HE WANDERED OFF SOMEPLACE! AND JUST AT A CRITICAL PART OF THE MIXING OF CHEMICALS! WE DIDN'T TELL US WHAT TO DO NEXT SO THE CHEMICALS BURST INTO FLAME!



HOLY MOLLEY! JEB DESERTED HIS JOB WITHOUT FINISHING IT! I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM...



SURE ENOUGH! FISHING AGAIN! JEB, WHY DIDN'T YOU FINISH YOUR JOB?

WELL, I HAD TO GET BACK HERE! THE FISH BITE SWELL AT THIS HOUR, SEE?



JEB, DID YOU EVER HEAR THAT SAYING — DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE?

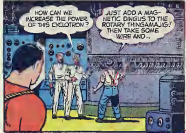
ER, YES — BUT I LIKE TO FISH!



BUT YOU SIGNED UP TO HELP THE RESEARCH FOUNDATION AND THEY PAID YOU MONEY IN ADVANCE! I WON'T LET YOU SHIRK!

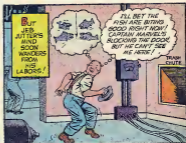
OH — ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO SOME MORE WORK!

SOON, THE NEW GENIUS AGAIN LENDS HIS PERLESS MENTALITY



HOW CAN WE INCREASE THE POWER OF THIS ENCLOTRON?

JUST ADD A MAGNETIC DINGUS TO THE ROTARY THINGAMAJIG! THEN TAKE SOME WIRE AND...



MEANWHILE, THE UNWILLING GENIUS HAS RETURNED TO THE LIFE HE IDOLIZES!







I'M SORRY I HAD TO PLAY THAT TRICK ON YOU, JEB, BUT I'M HAPPY YOU SAW THE LIGHT!



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AND BIGGER!

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2. SHOE'S RUBBER CUSHION

*TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



GOOD ADVICE FROM JIM WISE:

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

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2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE!

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